

Bulwer (James) 2nd Duke of Ormond

1482 f. 4.

ASTREA TRIUMPHANS.

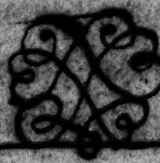
THE
Temple of Gratitude,
AND THE
Trophies of VIGO;

BEING A
CONGRATULATORY POEM

TO HIS GRACE the

DUKE of ORMOND,

On His Happy Accession to the LIEU-
TENANCY of the Kingdom of
IRELAND.

Written By:  

L O N D O N,

Sold by A. Baldwin, at the Oxford Arms in
Warwick-Lane, MDCCIII.

E Libris, E Sibbs:

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LONDON,

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~~but passing through the Inferior Classes, and standing the previous
Test of Examination, should qualify for the Graduate. From this
Graduation and ascent to Court-Favour, by this Royal Dispensation of
the highest Publick Trust, is the Crown best serv'd, and a King-
dom best pleas'd; and consequently the whole Harmony of Govern-
ment the more maintained; for 'tis where the Crown Darlings are
no less our own; and where we love and respect the Receiving
hand, we naturally best and honour the Giving one. On the other
side, what more can be said, than that the most virtuous Principles of
Honour and Fidelity: the unshaken Loyalty so well tried, that even
Popularity is self might here be esteem'd a Virtue: A Favourite that~~

SACRED MAJESTY.

Imperial Glory, amongst these Princely Vertues and Graces that
are the Leading Light of Nations, shines brightest in the equita-
ble Dispensations of her Trusts and Favours. A Court Favou-
rite, who is merely the Creature of Favour, gives such a Shade to the
Lustre of that Sovereignty that raises him; that Kingly Power,
which otherwise not unjustly assumes no less a Title than that of the
Allegiant of Omnipotence, so visibly forfeits that sublime Cha-
racter, being so strip'd of its Divinity in the extravagant Dona-
tions to such unaccountable Darlings, that it is nothing more than
the humblest Humane Frailty of Power that contributes to their
Creation, and, indeed, to bring the Analogy yet a little nearer;
as our Religious Oracles assure us, that the Greatest Vessels of
Eternal Glory are suited to the capacious Merit that receives it, the
most exalted Desert being seated the highest and nearest the Right
Hand of the Eternal Throne: By the same Parity of Reason and
Justice, the Inferiour Oeconomy of Power should always study to copy
from its Divine Original. The Imperial Smiles cannot be too warm
in the paying of Favours, nor too cold in the giving of them. Desert
should always precede Preferment, and the most shining Trust be
only the Reward and Favour of the most shining Services. Nay,
besides the Justice, 'tis the highest Prudence and Policy of the Admi-
nistration, to have her highest Promotions in the State attain'd only
like the highest Degrees in the Schools and Academies, where nothing

but passing through the Inferiour Classes, and standing the previous
Test of Examination, should qualify for the Graduate. From this
Gradation and Ascent to Court-Favour, by this Royal Dispensation of
the highest Publick Trusts, is the Crown best serv'd, and a King-
dom best pleased; and consequently the whole Harmony of Govern-
ment the more unanimous; for there where the Crown Darlings are
no less our own; and where we love and respect the Receiving
Hand, we naturally bless and honour the Giving one. On the other
side, what cannot a Royal Head promise to it self from the Advance-
ment of such a Favourite Choice, recommended possibly by a long
unbroken Chain of the most hardy Services, those rooted Principles of
Honour and Fidelity: An unshaken Loyalty so well tried, that even
Popularity it self might here be esteem'd a Vertue: A Favourite that
only conquers Hearts, to link them the faster to that Royal Interest,
to which he has so inviolably tied and devoted his own.
Tis such a Choice that furnishes the Subject of the ensuing Poem.
And indeed 'tis in this only Channel that the Royal Favours flow,
the present Great MAJESTY of Britain resolving undoubtedly on this
Basis of Justice to lay her Glory no little Foundation of Immortality.
And to assure the World, that this Constitution of the Publick Mi-
nistry shall support the present Auspicious Scepter; what truly Gra-
cious SOVEREIGN that has so publicly testified her Aversion to the
Sale of Offices, only to debar a strong Purse and weak Merit from
an Inferiour Post of Trust, will be never wanting in a more extraordi-
nary Disposal of her own Higher and more Important Donations.
The

Astrea Triumphans.

I

The TEMPLE of GRATITUDE.

THE Bright *ASTREA* now no longer driven,
Exil'd from Earth to an embracing Heav'n,
Imperial Justice in her Orb of Pow'r
With an unshaded Glory shines once more.

No more shall an unblushing Court proclaim
Her late too long, too far prevailing, Shame.
No more Oblivion her dark Face intrude,
To teach a thankless Throne Ingratitude.
HEROES no more with barren Laurels deckt,
Requited only with a cold Neglect:
The Great *Crown-Champions*, whole long Toils and Pains,
Exhausted Treasures, and exhausted Veins;
Trophies and Services, in one rude Heap,
Thrown by like common Rubbish vile and cheap.

No, the Bright *ANNE* holds her Imperial Seat,
No less Magnificently Good than Great.
A Breast so rich with every Grace Divine,
Resolves her Beams shall warm as well as shine.
No bleak Court-Air her Laurel Plants shall chill:
Rewarded *MERIT* shall her Annals fill.
Nor does she idly her high Favours pour,
Her Royal Graces no unfruitful Show'r.
In just Return to such a grateful Breast,
Rewarding and Rewarded; Blessing, Blest;

B

Her

Astrea Triumphant.

Her bright Imperial Circle but begun,
 Sh' has liv'd to see, (e'er her first cheerful Sun
 One single, finish'd, Annual Round had run,) }
 Scarce less than an indebted Providence,
 Profusely kind those wondrous Smiles dispense :
 Her first Great Year crown'd with Successes, more,
 Than a whole sweating Age cou'd boast before.

Here let us with less Admiration stand,
 To see the Giving, the Receiving Hand.
REWARD is Heaven's Prerogative alone.
 Her Empire copied from th' Immortal Throne,
 Great *ANNE* so blest claims but her Rightful Due:
 Heav'ns nearest Image is its dearest too.

Here, Bright *Urania*, this Illustrious Theme
 Warm and inspire with thy enlightning Beam.
 No less than thy assisting Pow'r I want:
 For *ANNE* and *ORMOND* the Great Song must chant;
 Prostrate *Allegiance* from her low-bent Knee
 Uprais'd, and blest, by smiling *MAJESTY*.

Ye spangled Lights that deck the Heav'ns so gay,
 Whether from Your own Influential Ray,
 An over-ruling Pow'r great *SOULS* inspires,
 Or a warm Spark from more Celestial Fires;
 Traverse, Ye Stars, Your vast Eternal Round;
 And say, if your whole Circling Race has found,
 On this side Immortality, a Breast
 With such true *HONOUR* so sublimely blest,
 His Soul's best, darling, everlasting Guest.

HONOUR

Astrea Triumphans.

3

HONOUR his Chart, his Load-Star; all that steers
The Study of his Hours, Days, Months, and Years.
The Work of his Creation; all that smiles,
And cheers his Labours, Hazards, Pains and Toils:
The whole diffusive Heat that nerves his Arm;
His Life, Blood, Vitals, Health: All that can warm
His animated Mass; nay, his whole Frame sustain:
It beats in every Pulse, and glows thro' every Vein.

Oh honour'd *Belgia*, to thy Fields of Fame,
When the Great *ORMOND*, thy plum'd Warriour, came;
With duteous Wonder, and with dazled Eyes
How have we seen his proud Pavilion rise!
Like the Great *Macedon* Youth for Glory dress'd,
The same the Courage, and the same the Crest.
Yes, Fair *BRITANNIA*, 'twas thy Pride to see
Thy glitt'ring *ORMOND* shine in Arms for Thee.
That true Devotion to thy Honour pay'd,
Oh the vast Thousands his Oblation made!
Free as his Veins, one more fair Stream behold;
Like his Allegiance shin'd his flowing Gold.

Such Grandeur mov'd in *ORMOND*'s Martial Sphere,
That Envy sure her self pay'd Homage here.
What Knees must such attracting Lustre draw,
When *ORMOND* even divided with *NASSAU*?

Nay, no less pleas'd the Great *NASSAU* beheld
The sparklings *Gorgons* on his *ORMOND*'s Shield.
Thus to *Britannia*'s Cause her *ORMOND* flew:
And if that Train his pompous Glory drew,
'Twas all but Duty, Tribute; — All no more
Than th' Incense which such flaming Zeal must pour.

And

And if so high he heap'd the fragrant Pile:
 Great *WILLIAM* pay'd it all with one kind Smile.
 Yes, *ORMOND*, for thy Flight of Honour dress'd,
 Thy *Eagle* plum'd her Wings; but not her Nest.
 Above a Price did thy frank Service soar:
 A Smile is all thou ask'd; and *WILLIAM* pay'd no more.

True *WORTHY*, Thou by Golden Charms uncaught,
 Thy Loyalty is only given, not bought.

To *GLORY* does thy whole Ambition tour:
 Thou court'st the Beauteous *Bride* without the *Dowry*.

Oh, thou far-fear'd *Britannia*, wou'dst thou wake
 'Gainst *Spain's* proud floating Walls a Second *Drake*;
 None like thy *ORMOND*-Choice: What Merit boasts
 A Claim like His to lead thy dreadful Hosts!
 Look back and see at thy Battalion's Head,
 How that bold Arm to blazing *Vigo* led,
 That generous Hand thy Bolts of Thunder bears,
 As pours His *Indies* forth to conquer *Theirs*.

Here, my *Urania*, whilst thy Airs repeat
 With what Magnificence, profusely Great,
 Her *ORMOND* does the Fair *Britannia* treat:
 Think not thy Numbers most exalted Strain
 Can reach the Raptures of that smiling Scene;
 Feel half the Warmth of that expanded Breast,
 With which the generous Founder makes the Feast.
 O *LOYALTY*, thou *ORMOND's* Dear Ador'd!
 When in thy Cause his *Radiant Shows* he pour'd,
 Oh the transported *Jove*! rapt up so high!
 'Twas all Delight, all Joy, all Extasy:

Astrea Triumphant.

5

So charm'd the Rich bright Torrent to behold,
When 'tis thy hallow'd Fires melt down the Gold.

But whilst, my *Muse*, thy Pencil dares essay,
In its true Orient Colours, to display
The *ORMOND* Loyalty so dazzling bright; —
Stay; mix a little Shades to all this Light —
When *Rome's* late falling, still unconquer'd Pride,
And desp'rate Cause, their last Decision try'd;
Here paint the dark *Hibernian* Cloud, when wild
Destruction rang'd thro' her whole sanguine Field.
When *NASSAU's* Royal Eagle-Nest to shake
We saw Rebellions hungry Vultures wake.
Keen was her Gorge, and long her ravenous Prey,
Whilst hideous Desolation round her lay.
When Slaughter thus with her unbridled Rage
In Crimson Horrors trod th' *Hibernian* Stage;
None felt the Shock like *ORMOND's* shatter'd Towers,
His ravag'd Glebe, and all his rooted Bow'rs:
Through his Rich Walls that Chafme of Ruines torn,
All by th' Impetuous Torrent overborn;
So fatal did the luring Tempest fall,
That vast Depopulation swallow'd All. —
Here stop, my *Muse*; — when this dark Scene you paint,
Are these the Shades, the *ORMOND* Shades, you meant!
The same bright *ORMOND* still! Cou'd this poor Spoil
Shake his least Thought? Did all this ruinous Pile
Uncalm one Look, or ruffle but a Smile?
Cou'd that Great *SOUL* at Fortune's Frowns repine?
Fails; all but Fails, to make the *Diamond* shine.
Such true *Heroick* *Vertue* bears her Head,
With equal Grandeur, equal Smiles o'erspread;

C

Whether

Whether her spurning Foot does override
A Pile of Dust, or mounts a Pyramid

This saw the Gracious *ANNE*, and looking back
Thro' the wide Breach, even to the double Wrack,
Her *ORMOND*'s smiling *GLORY* had o'erpass;
From wild *Rebellion* first and warm *Allegiance* last;
When *ORMOND* her pleas'd Eye had thus survey'd,
The Royal Scales such pond'rous *MERIT* weigh'd.
Long in her deep revolving Mind it lay;
When labouring with the Thought such *WORTH* to pay;
Go, *ORMOND*, go, she cried (here with a Smile
She blest the Boon she gave,) from thy long Toil
Now to a peaceful Throne thy Entry make;
From this just Hand this unask'd Bounty take.

Thus *ORMOND* in her own bright Mould to cast
With these deputed Gems of Empire graced;
All pleas'd th' Oraculous Royal Word she past.
But as Imperial Heads, when they create,
The Hand must join the Breath that stamps with Fate:
Here a whole ministring Train of Glory's call'd,
To see the Rites perform'd, and Brow enstall'd.
Here all the Pow'rs his Influence had warm'd,
His Courage succour'd, or his Glory charm'd,
To give the Royal Grant its Stamp Divine,
All in the solemn State, Assistants join.
First, as the radiant Scrole that Name must fill,
The oblig'd *Austrian* Eagle lent the Quill;
Next, Fair *Britannia*, the Commission held;
ANNE sign'd it, and *ANNE*'s Guardian Angel seal'd.

Astrea Triumphans.

7

The Wreath thus fix'd, strait th' universal sound
Of ecchoing Joy rang'd the whole *Albion* round.
Nay, *Europe* join'd the Choir: With envious Eye
Only two Snaky Heads stood hissing by.

Thou once proud *Spain*, too high thy haughty Look,
Till thy lower'd Sails to Great *ELIZA* struck:
Yet still intitled to that Fair Renown,
Thine th' Eldest Regal *European* Crown.
Thou, who the *Reswick* Gordian tied too weak,
That *Gallick* Cobweb only made to break,
From thy sa'n Pride, now Pensioner of *France*,
Art doom'd to lead the World's new Martial Dance;
Thou, and thy Tyrant Lord, that rules thy Fate,
On whose proud Chariot thy bow'd Neck must wait,
Not yet half cured of Your late *VIGO* Wounds,
The *ORMOND*'s Glory here but harshly sounds.

Set not Your Idol in Your too fond Eyes
A Giant Champion of too vast a size.
If th' Hero's only by true *Valour* crown'd;
Lewis for pers'nal Feats of Arms renown'd
At awful distance, out of Canon sound:
He who sometimes has made his Tour of War
The Leader of a *Feminine* Troop so far,
So near the dreadful Face of Danger seen
From his warm Court-Campagne at *Valencienne*:
Oh, *Ormond*, had thy Wreaths his Temples twin'd;
Had he with half thy *Hardy* Virtue shin'd,
How had he gilded his now blushing Bays!
Glory had wanted Lungs to trump his Praise,

Had

Astrea Triumphant.

Had his own pushing Hand his Conquests bought !

Had he like *NASSAU* led ; or, *ORMOND*, fought.

Now, my *Urania*, in his menial Train,
Thro' his short Voyage to his long bright Reign,
Wait the Triumphant *ORMOND* o'er the Main.

Here if thy Song (as *Orpheus* potent Lays
Once sleeping Beauty from the Shades cou'd raise)
Cou'd thine raise Glory : From his peaceful Urn
Bid the awaking Great *St. George* return,
To see his Channel thus divinely graced :
Bid him to his new Rival's Triumph haste ;
Britain's First *CHAMPION* He, *ORMOND* her last.

Now thy great well-known Charge, proud *Neptune*, take ;
Thy cheerful Winds, and smiling *Tritons* wake. —
But why so poor a Guard ! — More happy still ;
A yet diviner Air his Sails shall fill.
Ten thousand loud-tongu'd Pray'rs from either Shore,
Join'd in one fragrant Breath, shall waft him o'er.

Now see the welcome, long wish'd *HERO* land ;
See the throng'd Shoar, and the whole clouded Strand.
Such Joys his *Io Pæans* shall inspire
On every pendant Beach an echoing Choir.
Oh the vast Thousands their lov'd Lord shall meet,
And bend their prostrate Necks beneath his Feet.
Yes, meet hail'd *WORTHY*, from a Grateful Shore
Ten thousand new bent Knees — but Hearts no more —
No, *ORMOND*, no : Those were thy own before,
So the wing'd Thousands darken all the Skies
To see one single Darling *PHENIX* rise.

Ireland,

Astrea Triumphans.

9

Ireland, thy Scepter how shall *ORMOND* sway!
As Angels serve in Heav'n, 'tis Pride t' obey.
ORMOND, thy Hope, thy Wish, thy Pray'r: Thy Knees
Here only pays its inborn Loyalty.
What can'st thou want where *ORMOND* fills a Throne;
Not only thy Defender but his own.
His own thy Air, thy Glebe! Oh thou blest Isle,
Cherish'd and warm'd by his propitious Smile!
Well thou remember'st the kind Sword he drew;
When to thy Aid thy *ORMOND* Champion flew;
Beneath thy Standard the long Toils he bore
Thy Freedom to retrieve, and Peace restore.
What's then thy Hope from that auspicious Pow'r,
That now sits down in its own *Eden Bow'r*.
That Garden sure no Cultivation wants,
Where th' Hand but only nurses its own Plants.

Eblana, how shall thy proud Turrets rise!
And, *Leith*, how smooth thy Waves, serene thy Skies!
From this blest *Ara*, with long smiling Years,
What Harmony shall tune your jocund Spheres!
If once that powerful Lyre *Amphion* strung
That *Thebes* spontaneous Walls rais'd, as he sung,
Their own Great Founders, from his Musick sprung.
Sure for his Airs a Theme like this he chose:
'Twas from the Subject, not the Song, they rose.
Hibernia thus shall her lov'd *ORMOND* sing;
And her great Lyre for equal Wonders string.

Last, Greatest, *ORMOND*, mount thy Orb of Pow'r;
And ev'n outshine thy Great Progenitor.

D

Thou,

Astrea Triumphans.

Thou, more than *ORMOND*'s Heir, by Fate decree'd,
 The *Channel* the great *Fount* so far t' exceed;
 Rich with a deeper Mine, a Genius high'r,
 Than what one *Transmigration* cou'd inspire;
 The *HERO*'s Chaplet with the *STATESMAN*'s twin'd,
 In Thee the *OSSORT* has th' *ORMOND* join'd:
OSSORT, that *Albion WORTHY*, whose dread Name
 Shall ever live in the Records of Fame,
 When ev'n his Urn it self's to Ashes crush't;
 And his whole moulder'd Marble piled in Dust.
ORMOND, when from this Sire thy Birth receiv'd,
 Thy Martial Glory from this Source derived,
 Her more immediate Emanations run;
 The *Philip* Father t' a *Pellæan* Son:
 Thy Veins th' *Elijah Miracle* recall.
 We see the double-spirited Mantle fall.

Let then Great *ANNE* in her lov'd *ORMOND* boast:
 She has found more than Second *CHARLES* once lost.
 Imperial Pow'r lodg'd in such Faithful Hands,
ORMOND but twice remov'd from *Godhead* stands:
GOD's first Vicegerent *ANNE*, that Royal Brow
 Heav'n's nearest, and its second Copy, Thou.

But hold, my *Muse*, tho' in this shining Trust
 Imperial Gratitude divinely Just,
 In this Important Gift our Joys behold
 A Present of her brightest Wreath of Gold;
 All that was worthy *ORMOND* to receive,
 The Popular Hopes to ask, or Empire give;
 Tho' our Joys flow, and *ANNE*'s warm Blessings show'r;
 One lowring Cloud ev'n shades this smiling Hour.

When

Astrea Triumphans.

II

When to *State-Helms* she does her *ORMOND* raise,
Crown'd only with th' *Apollinary Bays*,
Thy Martial Laurels thou no more must plant:
What Smiling Courts have found, the Mourning Camp must want.
In vain thy succ'ring Arm we now shall call:
ORMOND too Great for Worlds to share thee *ALL*.
At once thou only One bright Orb can'st fill;
Whilst half the *ORMOND-GLORY* must stand still.
Thy Laurels and thy Terrors must resign:
Now *Majesty's* Fair Gems thy Brows must twine.
From Fear'd abroad to be at home Ador'd,
To wield the Scepter thou must sheath the Sword.
Yes, *ORMOND*, now in his new Sphere must move;
In his bright Morn the *Mars*, in his Meridian, *Jove*.
But oh hard Fate that his each Beam Divine
Like the *Twin Stars* must ne'er together shine. —

Oh stop, my *Muse*, forbear this impious Sound.
Would'st thou the *ORMOND-GLORY* poorly bound!
No, *ORMOND*, no: If from thy Western Shore
Some Eastern Trump shall call thee forth once more,
Rows'd, distress'd Empire's succour'd Cause to lead;
A *Perseus* wing'd t' a rescued *Andromede*;
Think not thou'lt leave behind a vacant Throne;
No, thy whole Reins of Pow'r still all thy own,
The World at once shall have thee All: So bright
A *GLORY* leaves behind no Tracks of Night;
Thy Name shall Govern, whilst thy Arm shall Fight.

But, whilst, my *Muse*, thou hast this Offering made,
Thy Duteous Song to the Great *ORMOND* pay'd;

That

Astrea Triumphans.

That Darling, ever memorable Name,
 A Field so spacious, that wide Range of Fame;
 What have thy poor unlabour'd Numbers done!
 A Work so easie, nay, 'tis scarce thy Own.

When some rows'd Bard does to new Raptures wake,
 Why is the Song the Poet's? All Mistake.
WIT is but **GLORY**'s Eccho, **HEROES** raise
 Their own Immortal Monuments of Praise.
 The Glorious *Deeds* that swell the Mighty Theme,
 Faith, Honour, Loyalty, each shining Beam;
 The more substantial Massy Work alone,
 The pond'rous *Sense* of the Great Song's their own.
 Alas, th' officious Poet's busie Care
 Only thrusts in to give it *Sound* and *Air*.
 Why then should even the most exalted Strain
 Make the poor Muses proud, or Poets vain?
 'Tis true, the *Muse*, to chant such loud Renown,
 And the Illustrious **ORMOND**'s Brow to crown:
 Vast Wreaths may twine, and wond'rous Perfumes bring,
 But oh the Sweets must all from his own Garden spring.



E I N I S